Creation Mystery

Whyte Bard

The Lord, and the Lady (and the Fool) were lonely. The All was not complete; there was none to keep them company, and laugh with them. There was none to know them, and none to be Their Children.

And the Lady said, "Let us go forth and make Life upon the many worlds, that We may have Children, and a Family of Life within the MultiVerse. And let Us make them in Our image, and love and be loved in return."

And the Fool laughed, and asked, "Shall it be so?"

"No," said the Sacred King.

And the Fool asked a second time, and said, "Shall it be so?"

"Maybe," smiled the Youth.

And the Fool asked a third time, saying, "Shall it be so?"

"Yes!" said the Child.

And the Fool smiled, and said, "If we do this thing, it shall be a wondrous thing indeed, for we shall make a Creature that shall have the Love of the Lady, and the Strength of the Lord, and a Curiosity to match Myself. It shall know Good and Evil, and Light and Darkness, and That which stands between them, and shall be very near and dear to us. It shall be arrogant, and willful, and cruel, but it shall also be kind, and gentle and loving. It shall be all things, and nothing at all."

And the Fool laughed, and asked, "Shall it be so?"

"No," said Chaos.

And the Fool asked a second time, and said, "Shall it be so?"

"Maybe," smiled Trickster.

And the Fool asked a third time, saying, "Shall it be so?"

"Yes!" said Prometheus.

The Fool took up the stuff of stars, that whispers through the MultiVerse, and mixed it with the dry clay of earth, and mixed the substance thereby made with the waters of the sea, and the tears of the Maiden, and the birth-waters of the Mother, and the spittle of the Crone; wet it was with the blood of the Sacred King, and the sweat of the Youth, and the milk on the lips of the Child.

And the Fool laughed, and asked, "Shall it be so?"

"No," said the Crone.

And the Fool asked a second time, and said, "Shall it be so?"

"Maybe," smiled the Maiden.

And the Fool asked a third time, saying, "Shall it be so?"

"Yes!" said the Mother.

And the Fool smiled, and said, "Then let it be so, for I have asked three times, and three times three, and thus it is and so it ever shall be!"

The Holy Fool bent, and sank to His knees, and She took the wet clay, wet with the waters of the sea, and the tears of the Maiden, and the birth- waters of the Mother, and the spittle of the Crone; wet with the blood of the Sacred King, and the sweat of the Youth, and the milk on the lips of the Child.

And from that clay He made our Brothers and Sisters in Fur, Feather and Scale, and all the growing things.

And one thing made of that clay was taken up by the Fool, and placed aside.

And the Lady smiled upon Her Lord.

And the Fool turned, and It was Prometheus, and shaped the wet clay thing further.

Side by side, He made them, that none should stand above the other, but that all should walk as equals and partners, in joy and love.

And the Fool turned, and It was Trickster, who shaped us to be curious, and to doubt, and from our doubt and curiosity, to learn, and to laugh.

And the Fool turned, and She was Chaos, and placed a bit of Itself within us, that we may change and grow.

And the Lord smiled upon His Lady.

Man and Woman Prometheus made, and the making and the shaping was as years, and years upon years.

And the Fool began to dance.

And the Lady began to dance.

And the Lord began to dance.

They danced Life into the World, the Lady and the Lord, and the Fool. They danced the moon, and stars, and Sun, and all that there is, they danced into being.

And they danced Death into the World, for we must close the Circle of our Being, and go forth unto newness.

They danced Life and Death, and still They dance, a never-ending, ever-spinning Circle, endlessly spiraling upon itself, and uncoiling to start anew; hand in hand They dance, to a Music They have made, endlessly creating, and endlessly destroying.

Thus it was, and so it is, and evermore shall be so!

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Last modified: August 19 2018 14:59:52